

Kingdom of Silver, by James Swallow

A Big Finish Productions Dr Who Audio Drama, released Sep 2008

[Part One]

SARA: Almost time.

(Clock chimes two, knock on a door.)

SARA: Why do you bother to knock?

(Door opens and closes.)

RIGA: Hello, Sara. I hope the day finds you well.

SARA: When are you going to release me?

RIGA: I've been told that you're eating very little. Are you unwell?

SARA: There are guards outside?

RIGA: Regrettably, yes. I wish it were not necessary.

SARA: At last we agree on something.

RIGA: That is progress, then, of a sort. Will you share a cup of tea with me? No? No. This is one of the planet's finest blends. Tasak has so much to offer if only you would open yourself to it. As a guest of the Argentia...

SARA: A guest? What's wrong, Magus Riga? Does the word prisoner stick in your throat?

RIGA: You are not a captive, my dear.

SARA: You hold me here in this gilded cage, I'm not allowed to leave...

RIGA: These apartments are among the most lavish in Argent City. Your every need is provided for. We have been excellent hosts.

SARA: I didn't ask for your... hospitality.

RIGA: You are being protected, Sara. As an off-worlder you are... valuable. Your knowledge is a potential wellspring of power. Can you not understand that? Will you join us? If I must beg you, I will. Please, Sara, join our cadre, help us guide our planet towards a new shining future. Look. (opens window) Down there. Our city swells with new arrivals every day, refugees displaced by the conflicts, the desperate and the hopeful, drawn here from all across Tasak. They look to the House of Argentia, to my cadre, for stewardship. We ended the war, Sara. Now it is our burden is to begin the peace. Help me to do that.

SARA: I will never help you with the Heart.

RIGA: It is our way forward.

SARA: You're tampering with something beyond your comprehension. It will destroy you. Don't you understand, Riga? You're threatening the lives of every living being on this planet.

RIGA: That is not true. I would never place my people in harm's way.

SARA: Listen to me! I'm trying to warn you.

RIGA: You're becoming agitated. I apologise. I did not mean to provoke you. (closes window) Perhaps it would be best if I left.

SARA: Riga, I can't help you.

RIGA: Then I will make the offer again next week, and if need be the week after, and the week after that, as I have for these three months past, until you see we have only good intentions.

(Door opens.)

RIGA: Until you say yes.

(Door closes.)

RIGA: Guard, send for a kitchen servitor. Perhaps the food is not to her liking. It will not do for her to starve herself.

GUARD: As you order, Magus.

MEREL: And what if she doesn't eat? What then? Forgive me, Magus, but we indulge the off-worlder too much.

RIGA: And what would you have me do, Merel? What would you do if you were Magus?

MEREL: Respectfully, I believe a more aggressive approach would be expedient.

RIGA: We will not compel her by force.

MEREL: I only draw your attention toward an alternative.

RIGA: Sara must join the House of Argentia of her own free will, or else our values mean nothing. Freedom of choice is the cornerstone of our cadre's principles. I will never allow that to be subverted. Is that clear?

MEREL: Of course, sir. I did not mean to imply otherwise.

RIGA: How are preparations for the Great Conclave progressing?

MEREL: As planned. The delegates from the other Houses have been arriving all through the morning.

RIGA: Gathering the greatest minds of every noble cadre. And the future, there ahead of us, close enough to touch.

MEREL: The last ship will land just after second sunset.

RIGA: The deputation from the House of Sarkota?

MEREL: Of course.

RIGA: Of course. They would never allow themselves to be the first to arrive, would they? That might smack of capitulation, weakness. How unhappy they must be without war.

MEREL: I suppose so.

RIGA: If we do this right, Merel, there will never need to be a war again. We will banish famine and disease, wipe out poverty. All our tomorrows, not just those of the Argentia or the Sarkota, they turn upon this moment. When we reveal the secrets of the Heart, we will take charge of the destiny of our world. Tasak will be forever changed.

MEREL: Yes. Yes. I believe it will.

TEMETER: Recording. Mission file, day 20. I've tracked the energy trace to Argent City, a conurbation on the northern coast of the central continent. The trace is intermittent. I can't triangulate it yet, but I'm sure the target's here. She must have found it. (beeps) How? How could...? Mission File, additional. I have an anomaly There's a second trace here. It doesn't match any known aggressor profiles or the primary target. Far too advanced for the local tech, maybe even more advanced than ours. It's close. I'm going to investigate.

DOCTOR: Careful not to sear the leaves. It's quite a delicate plant. Ah. Just in time for a visitor.

TEMETER [OC]: Recording. The source of the new trace appears to be some sort of blue shed.

DOCTOR: Huh. Charming.

(Tardis door opens.)

TEMETER [OC]: The door, it's opening. I'm proceeding inside the construction.

TEMETER: It's ... that's...

DOCTOR: Rude of you. To come in without knocking, I mean.

TEMETER: Who are you? What is this place?

DOCTOR: I'm the Doctor, this is the Tardis. Your turn.

(Tardis door closes.)

TEMETER: Oh no, I'm not answering any questions from a man holding a weapon on me.

DOCTOR: This? Oh, I suppose it does appear rather dangerous from a certain point of view, doesn't it?

Hmm. And I can see from your expression that you've had guns pointed at you before. You're not afraid.

Careful but wary. A career soldier, perhaps? I know your kind quite well.

TEMETER: What is that thing, a thermal blaster? Do your worst, you'll get nothing from me.

DOCTOR: Oh, I beg to differ. Let's have a look at you. Hmm. At first glance you seem like a, a local, but your clothes are cut too well and your teeth? Huh, they're a dead giveaway. Far too clean for someone from a pre-atomic industrial revolution era society.

TEMETER: You're an outsider yourself.

DOCTOR: Everywhere I go. And then, there's that scanner you're trying to conceal in your pocket. I don't imagine Tasak science will be able to come up with something like that for a few centuries. Hand it over.

TEMETER: You're a human. From Earth?

DOCTOR: I can see you might think that. (beep) Interesting. Military issue. This sort of hardware was quite common during the Orion War period.

TEMETER: Was?

DOCTOR: Oh yes, well, pardon my tenses. Is. You're a covert agent, yes? Both sides deployed thousands of operatives like you during the war.

TEMETER: And whose side are you on, Doctor?

DOCTOR: But that doesn't explain why you're on Tasak, does it? We're light years away from the battle lines of the Orion War. What are you doing on a backwater steam-age planet far away from your nasty little war?

TEMETER: Why are you here?

DOCTOR: Me? Oh. For the tea. Care for a cup? It's really very good. Best in the quadrant.

TEMETER: That's... not a weapon.

DOCTOR: I never said it was. It's a self-heating fusion teapot. Easy mistake to make, though. Biscuit, Mister, er...?

TEMETER: Temeter. My name is Temeter, and, er - no. No thank you.

DOCTOR: There. Now we're being much more civilised. I should apologise, actually.

TEMETER: For what?

DOCTOR: This reading. (beeping) The one that drew you here. A deliberate fiction on my part. The Tardis picked up the output from your scans of the city. I wanted to learn who was behind them. I left some cheese in the mousetrap, as it were.

TEMETER: You generated the second energy trace?

DOCTOR: Yes. The second. But not the first. That one is quite a puzzle.

TEMETER: Do you know what it is?

DOCTOR: Not yet. There's too much phase-wave interference. That's very unusual for such a low-tech civilisation.

TEMETER: I agree. But for a moment I thought it was...

DOCTOR: Thought it was what? I'm sorry to disappoint you.

TEMETER: Disappoint me?

DOCTOR: This energy trace isn't all you're looking for, is it?

TEMETER: I'm searching for... someone. I find the energy trace, I find her.

DOCTOR: Perhaps we ought to pool our resources. Two heads, and so on.

TEMETER: Or not. No offence, Doctor, but it'll take more than tea and a biscuit to win me over.

DOCTOR: You'll find me quite agreeable once you get to know me.

(Tardis door opens.)

TEMETER: Hmm. Maybe I should let you stick close. Just to keep an eye on you.

DOCTOR: Funny. I was just thinking the same thing about you.

GUARD 1: Lord Merel, I have the communiqué from the House of...

MEREL: Well, don't announce it to everyone in the citadel. Speak.

GUARD 1: I have the communiqué from the House of Sarkota. A contingent of mercenaries is being brought into the city as you requested. They will be ready to move on your command.

MEREL: At last.

GUARD 1: The message also states that a contact will be arriving shortly to set the last stage in motion.

MEREL: Did they give a name?

GUARD 1: Well, that information was not provided, sir. Only that the person would make themselves known to you.

MEREL: Huh. How typical of Duke Hassa and his people. Paranoid and secretive to the point of idiocy. Still, they have their uses, as this plan will prove.

GUARD 1: What do we do now?

MEREL: Pass the word to our agents in every precinct. They all have their assigned targets. They know what to do.

RIGA: (approaching) Merel? Ah, there you are.

MEREL: You're dismissed.

GUARD 1: Er, yes, Lord.

RIGA: What was that about?

MEREL: A trivial matter, Magus, a... an obstruction on one of the railways.

RIGA: Indeed? I trust it'll be removed. It won't do to have the running of our city hindered.

MEREL: Oh, you may be certain I have the situation in hand.

RIGA: Good. I've been informed that Ardith has returned from the island. Apparently he has something of great import to discuss. You will join me?

MEREL: Of course, Magus. If the Argentia's greatest scientist has something to say, I have no doubt it will be worth my time. I confess, I had not expected Ardith to be present for the conclave after his illness. I would have thought him unfit to make the trip.

RIGA: He insisted on personally escorting the statue here to the citadel.

MEREL: I'm surprised he was willing to be away from the Heart, even for a day.

RIGA: His dedication to our cadre is why I chose him. Er, this way. He is waiting on the grand balcony.

MEREL: If I were Ardith, I'm not sure I'd be so quick to leave the site. From what I've heard, the treasures there are...

RIGA: You will see it yourself soon enough.

MEREL: The island is the heart of Argentia, and the legacy of the Mordath.

RIGA: I know you've made something of a study of it, Merel.

MEREL: Oh, I merely read the monographs and viewed the film reels. But it occurs to me that our ancestors had some insight when they spoke of the ancient creation myths. The image of the island appears so often in the legends, in the prophecies of our rebirth in a new and shining form.

RIGA: I would put little stock in the irrational mythology of our primitive forefathers. Our cadre seeks only truth, not superstition. We've grown beyond such things. What the Heart offers us is our true future, based on knowledge, science and advancement.

MEREL: You're right.

RIGA: Of course.

ARDITH: Magus Riga. Lord Merel. Excellent. I'm so pleased you could meet with me. I know how busy you must be at this moment.

RIGA: I have always got time for you, old friend.

MEREL: Ardith, you seem well.

ARDITH: Just so, just so. My illness is gone, wiped away. I'm hale and hearty. I must thank the Magus for the gift of the Silver. Without it I am certain I would have perished from that Hazelime.

RIGA: I hope in due course we will do away with every disease just as easily.

ARDITH: Each day at the site I fear we move a little closer toward that ideal. Every new find builds upon the last. We advance by leaps and bounds. And this very week there has been another breakthrough.

MEREL: A new discovery?

ARDITH: Rather, it would be more accurate to call it a refinement of an old one. See here.

RIGA: A mechanical cogitator? But it's much smaller than the ones in the Citadel.

ARDITH: Quite so. Most of our computing engines are as large as a dining table. This one is compact enough to be carried on a man's back. It is the latest iteration from our laboratories. Now, do you recognise this object?

MEREL: A piece of mosaic from the site. It has the characteristic glyphs etched into the surface.

ARDITH: Correct. With this new device we have been able to enhance our translation process and redefine the conversion of these glyphs into our language.

MEREL: I know these symbols. It says Mordath, the ancient origin myth.

ARDITH: Ah, no. It seems we have been wrong all this time. We translated the word incorrectly. The actual pronunciation is...

RIGA: Mondas.

TANNOY: Attention, Citizens. This is the Argent City monorail loop-line service, calling at all stations to Ocean Halt.

TEMETER: How long have you been tracking the energy trace?

DOCTOR: I didn't come here looking for it. I was just making a stop on my way somewhere.

TEMETER: Mmm, to buy some tea.

DOCTOR: Yes. Unfortunately, I landed a bit off-beam, slightly too late. Missed the worst of the civil war though, so that's a good thing. This is a delicate period for any civilisation, you know. New green shoots pushing up through the ashes. What happens now can change the fate of millions for centuries to come.

TEMETER: Doesn't seem like a planet on a battle footing. Look at all those lights and decorations out on the streets. They're celebrating.

DOCTOR: They think the war is over, and it is, for them, for the moment. But there are always other wars, aren't there, Temeter?

TEMETER: The energy trace. Would you agree that it's alien? Not native to Tasak, I mean.

DOCTOR: It would appear so. Perhaps it's just some intergalactic flotsam. Nothing dangerous at all.

TEMETER: Mmm, if you believed that you wouldn't still be here.

DOCTOR: Tell me about her.

TEMETER: What?

DOCTOR: I find the energy trace, I find her. That's what you said. Who is she? Sister? Lover? Victim?

TEMETER: It's not important.

DOCTOR: I think it is.

TEMETER: Well, that's all I'm telling you. Unless of course you'd like to be more forthcoming with me, like, say, explaining what that Tardis thing of yours is, or who you work for?

DOCTOR: The Tardis travels in Time and Space. I'm just a freelancer, an interested party. I think that about covers it.

TEMETER: I don't believe you.

DOCTOR: Well, that's hardly my problem, is it?

TEMETER: Where are we going, anyway?

DOCTOR: See the building up ahead? It's the biggest one in this precinct. You can't miss it.

TANNOY: Attention, Citizens. The next station is a restricted stop. Pass-holders only. Security checks are in force. The Grand Citadel of the House of Argentia, next station.

TEMETER: You can't be serious. That is the most fortified place in Argent City, and there's a whole garrison of militia stationed there.

DOCTOR: More than that, probably. There's a big do on, you see. Top boffins and high hats from all over the planet, coming together to toast the new peace. I understand that even Magus Riga will be popping along for the wine and cheese.

TEMETER: You're out of your mind if you think you're going to sneak in there, Doctor.

DOCTOR: Who said anything about sneaking in? Perish the thought. That'd be against the law.

TANNOY: Attention, Citizens. This is the...

TEMETER: Right. Three men on the gate. If you distract the one on the right, I can deal with the other two. A strike to the nerve cluster on the side of the neck should put them out for two, maybe three hours.

DOCTOR: I imagine it would. Hello there! I'm the Doctor!

TEMETER: What are you doing?

GUARD 2: Hey, that's far enough.

DOCTOR: Yes, excellent work. Fine drilling. You're on perfect form, aren't you?

GUARD 2: Public petitions are taken at the street level entrance. This gate is restricted to pass-holders only.

DOCTOR: It certainly is. Here you are.
TEMETER: What's that?
DOCTOR: My invitation.
TEMETER: To what?
DOCTOR: The Conclave.
GUARD 2: Oh, I see, Doctor Johannes Smither. Ah well, I'm sorry, sir, I didn't realise. Pardon my sharpness. It's protocol, you see.
DOCTOR: Not at all.
GUARD 2: Who's he?
DOCTOR: Him? Oh, er, this is Temeter. He's my plus one.
GUARD 2: Oh? Stand down. Open the gate.
DOCTOR: Too kind.
TEMETER: Would you mind explaining how it is you have an official invitation to enter this building?
DOCTOR: The Argentia Conclave is a gathering for the finest scientific minds on this planet. I'm not one to brag, but, well, that does include me.
TEMETER: You stole it, didn't you?
DOCTOR: Certainly not!
TEMETER: Hmm.
DOCTOR: This isn't my first time on this planet, you know.

PILOT: This is the Pride of Sarkota calling Argent City Arial Harbour Monitor. Crossing into Metropolitan Zone. Confirm landing authorisation for Argentia Citadel.

ETIN: (female) Come.
(Door opens.)
TROOPER: Specialist Etin, you asked to be informed when we entered Argent City airspace.
ETIN: Oh. Thank you, Trooper. What's the status of the... the cargo?
TROOPER: They're secure on the sealed decks, Ma'am. Even if the enemy put inspectors aboard, they'll find nothing. The compartments are well-concealed.
ETIN: The Sarkota signed the peace accord along with every other noble House. The Argentia are not our enemy, Trooper, not any more.
TROOPER: If that's so, Ma'am, then why are we here? Why are we doing this?
ETIN: I've been asking myself that question ever since we left the capital. You'd think our taste for bloodshed would lessen after so much of it.
TROOPER: The Argentia brought this on themselves. They're the ones telling everyone else what to do, trying to put all of Tasak under their flag.
ETIN: But we agreed to put down our arms. The mission we have embarked on here might be seen as dishonourable in light of that fact.
TROOPER: We have our orders.
ETIN: Yes we do. From the lips of our cadre master Duke Hassa himself, and we will obey them. We will help this man Merel with his plan. Have the men load their weapons and make ready for deployment at a moment's notice. And just in case some nousey Argentia does spot them...
TROOPER: No prisoners?
ETIN: And no traces.

(Concert music in background.)

TEMETER: Wooff! Impressive. These people like their spectacle.
DOCTOR: Well, if you're fond of steel and glass and marble, yes. It's all a bit sterile, if you ask me.
TEMETER: We shouldn't waste any time. We should scan...
DOCTOR: Put that scanner away before someone sees it. Look.
RIGA: Dido! I couldn't agree more...
DOCTOR: There's the man of the hour.
RIGA: Lord of the House of Argentia. I thought he'd be taller.
DOCTOR: It'd be rude not to say hello, don't you think?
TEMETER: Wait, Doctor, wait!
RIGA: ... This cord still holds strong.
ARDITH: This conclave is a validation of Tasak's new unity.
RIGA: Yes.
ARDITH: A year ago the idea of bringing our world's leading scientists together under one roof would've been greeted with derision.
DOCTOR: And who do we have to thank for that?
ARDITH: The House of Argentia does not seek a claim for its deeds. A secure future for our people is more than enough.

DOCTOR: Well said. Well said indeed. Brought Tasak back from the brink of destruction. You should be proud, Mister, er...?

ARDITH: Jorrow Ardith, Chief Scientist of the House Argentia. And you are...?

DOCTOR: The Doctor. House, er, Gallifrey.

RIGA: Gallifrey? Pardon me, but the name is unfamiliar.

DOCTOR: That's quite all right, Magus Riga. We're a small group. Quite exclusive.

TEMETER: Mmm, very small.

DOCTOR: I must say - and you'll forgive me if I sound churlish, but - it is quite incredible how you've managed to accomplish so much in so short a time.

ARDITH: I disagree, Doctor. The direct application of intellect and the gifts of the Argentia, are all that was required to bring stability to our world.

TEMETER: Gifts?

ARDITH: Cogitators, machines, new engines. Our panacea of drugs alone have revolutionised medicine across the planet.

RIGA: Many lives have been saved from the benefits of the Silver.

DOCTOR: The Silver?

RIGA: A curative compound, Doctor. I'm surprised you're not familiar with it. We made it widely available in recent months.

DOCTOR: Oh, of course. My apologies. I must seem dreadfully provincial. Still, so many advances so quickly. We should be thankful that your intentions are wholly altruistic.

RIGA: We have made peace, Doctor, with every House that opposed us, even our age-old rivals in the Sarkota. After all, what good is knowledge if you cannot share it for the betterment of all?

DOCTOR: I agree. It's nice to meet someone like-minded for a change.

RIGA: Indeed. Tasak is our world, the cradle of our civilisation. We must protect it.

TEMETER: But if the war is over, who are you protecting it from? Aliens? Off-worlders?

RIGA: Other worlds would find nothing of interest here. I imagine they would consider all of us to be dreadfully provincial, eh Doctor?

DOCTOR: Quite.

TEMETER: I'm not so sure. What if...?

MEREL: Magus, my Lords and Lady. I was not aware we had new arrivals.

ARDITH: Merel, this is the Doctor and his companion...?

DOCTOR: Temeter.

RIGA: Of the House of Gallifrey. We were having a most intriguing conversation.

MEREL: I overheard a little of it, yes. Doctor, I wonder. Might I borrow you for a moment?

DOCTOR: Of course. Magus, Ardith, if you'll excuse me?

RIGA: Perhaps we'll speak again later.

DOCTOR: I look forward to it. Come along, Temeter.

TEMETER: (sotto) I'm a side-kick now, am I?

ARDITH: Peculiar young man.

(Door opens.)

DOCTOR: Mmm. Lovely view from out here.

(Door closes.)

MEREL: Are you some sort of fool?

DOCTOR: Some sort, possibly.

MEREL: What do you think you're doing, speaking openly about off-worlders?

TEMETER: What? What do you know about...?

MEREL: Duke Hassa was given that information in the strictest confidence.

DOCTOR: Clearly we were remiss. I apologise.

MEREL: I don't want an apology, I want discretion. And what kind of sham was that? The House of Gallifrey? Couldn't you come up with something that isn't obviously a fake name?

DOCTOR: It seemed real enough to me.

MEREL: You should have come to me first, not test your luck with Riga. Those were my orders. If the Sarkota cannot follow simple instructions then this operation will not succeed.

DOCTOR: Of course. And we can't have that, can we?

TEMETER: No.

DOCTOR: But Hassa is very interested in this off-worlder. We only wanted to learn more about her.

MEREL: I'll keep my end of the bargain. Hassa will be allowed to interrogate the woman once the operation is complete.

TEMETER: Where is she?

MEREL: Safe.

DOCTOR: That's not what we've been told. Frankly, the Duke has his doubts you even have her at all.

MEREL: He questions my word? She's in this very building.

TEMETER: I need to see her.
DOCTOR: Yes, we need to see her, to... verify her condition. Proof of life and all that.
MEREL: That was not part of the plan.
DOCTOR: Plans change. You need to be flexible, Merel, if you expect success.
MEREL: If I leave the reception without good reason, Riga will become suspicious.
DOCTOR: Then tell us where she is. We'll take a look and come right back, won't we?
TEMETER: Oh yes.
DOCTOR: Riga won't suspect a thing.
MEREL: Very well. Go to the 95th tier. When you return, we will discuss the deployment of the troopers.
Time is of the essence.
DOCTOR: More than you know.

TEMETER: Sara's here.
DOCTOR: Oh dear. That's what happens when you jump to conclusions. He'll kick himself when he finds out.
TEMETER: Merel's mistaken you for someone else.
DOCTOR: I seem to have a face for it.
TEMETER: I wonder who he thinks we are?
DOCTOR: I'd rather not stick around and find out.
TEMETER: He was talking about the Sarkota, their, former enemies. I am not letting them interrogate her.
DOCTOR: Sara, eh? Well, a good lie usually has about ten or so minutes of life in it, so we should probably get a move on. Come on. This way up.

GUARD [OC]: Halt. This level is off-limits.
DOCTOR [OC]: Merel sent us, to see the woman.
GUARD [OC]: I'll need to get authorisation.
SARA: What's going on out there?
TEMETER [OC]: We don't have time for this.
(Thump, thud, door opens.)
DOCTOR: You didn't have to hit him.
SARA: Who are you?
TEMETER: You're right. I didn't *have* to.
SARA: Temeter!
DOCTOR: Moment of truth.
TEMETER: Sara, I thought I'd never see you again.
SARA: I knew. I knew you'd come. (kiss)
TEMETER: It's all right. You're safe now.
DOCTOR: Actually...
SARA: Who's this? Not a local. An Earther?
TEMETER: No, I don't think so. It's a long story.
SARA: Then tell me.
DOCTOR: While I hate to interrupt this touching moment, I must point out that we don't have time to stop and chat.
TEMETER: It won't take a second. Connect?
SARA: Yes of course. Connecting.
(Burble of data.)
DOCTOR: You're an android. You're both androids.
SARA: Transfer complete. I agree, he isn't a human. And that Tardis...
TEMETER: We'll worry about that later. The mission, yes?
SARA: Yes, we have to go.
DOCTOR: What else are you keeping from me?
TEMETER: Funny. I was just thinking the same thing about you.

ETIN: Lord Merel? I would speak with you.
MEREL: I'm in no mood for idle conversation, madam. Kindly find your diversions elsewhere.
ETIN: I think not. Unless you wish Duke Hassa to take back his men and let you prosecute your insurrection alone?
MEREL: What?
ETIN: I see the Argentians' reputation for arrogance is well-deserved.
MEREL: *You* are the contact from Sarkota? But...
ETIN: Of course. What did you expect? Code-words and disguises? I'm a scientist. I have little tolerance for such parlour games.
MEREL: Then who's the Doctor?
ETIN: I have no idea what you are referring to.

MEREL: Guards! With me, quickly!

SARA: Central Command were correct. There *is* alien technology on Tasak. I found proof.

DOCTOR: Where?

TEMETER: The island, a few kilometres off the coast of Argent City. It's a dig site.

SARA: They call it the Heart. Apparently there's some significance regarding it in the local legends.

TEMETER: But they captured you before you could get out there. Riga found your equipment.

SARA: He guessed from that I was an off-worlder, but he wasn't aware that I am...

DOCTOR: A synthetic being?

TEMETER: An android, Doctor.

SARA: The Magus has been holding me for months trying to convince me to help them.

TEMETER: This way. There's a lift down there.

DOCTOR: But he didn't try to compel you through force? I mean, he didn't hurt you?

SARA: No, but I know Merel has different ideas. I've seen this in his eyes.

TEMETER: If we can reach the upper tiers, take the coleopter...

MEREL: That's far enough, Doctor. Another step and you'll be gunned down.

MAN: Shift it up. Shoot to live.

DOCTOR: Ah. Did I say ten minutes? More like five.

TEMETER: There's a forty seven per cent chance we could neutralise all the guards before they inflicted a critical level of damage upon us.

DOCTOR: Bad odds. I have a better idea.

SARA: And that is...?

DOCTOR: Don't shoot! We surrender! Take me... take me to your leader.

RIGA [PA]: It is my privilege to welcome all of you here to the citadel of my cadre. You of the noble Houses of Tasak.

(Applause.)

MEN: Bravo. Hear, hear.

RIGA [PA]: I'm greatly pleased to see Specialist Etin and her party from the House of Sarkota here as honoured guests. The bad blood and feuding between our cadres is at last put behind us in the name of a new future. I welcome you to Argent City, and in that spirit, I wish to present a gift to our former adversaries. A piece of the Heart. A relic of the Argentia. My adjutant Lord Merel... (sotto) Er, where is he?

ARDITH: Magus, there appears to have been a security breach on the upper tiers.

RIGA: What sort of breach? The statue...

ARDITH: Is untouched. It's the woman. The off-worlder.

WOMAN: Is he over there?

MEREL: Forgive this interruption, Magus, but I have discovered a conspiracy among our guests. This man...

DOCTOR: Good evening!

MEREL: This man is a spy. He and his associate attempted to free this dangerous alien terrorist.

TEMETER: Terrorist?

RIGA: Doctor, I'm disappointed to learn you deceived me.

DOCTOR: There's a lot of it about. Sorry.

ARDITH: I knew it. I knew there was something odd about him.

RIGA: I see. [PA] But I refuse to allow this to overshadow this day's auspicious gathering. In the face of such actions I find my resolve strengthened still further to strive towards a peaceful unity among all Houses.

(Smattering of applause.)

RIGA [PA]: Madam Etin, in the name of peace and friendship, I offer you and the Sarkota this artefact. A relic unearthed from the Heart. A symbol of a past we have left behind, and the future we hope to forge.

Merel?

MEREL [PA]: A statue, carved from steel.

DOCTOR: No.

TEMETER: That's not a statue.

DOCTOR: It's a Cyberman.

[Part Two]

TEMETER: What does that word mean?

DOCTOR: It means an end to all life on this planet. Those energy traces. Cyber-technology. This is what we were tracking.

ARDITH: What is this impostor babbling about? Guards, how did he ever even get in here? Guards! Put these people in confinement.

RIGA: Yes. Take them away.

DOCTOR: Wait. You have to listen to me, all of you. If that Cyberman becomes active...

MEREL: Why should we listen to a single word you say?

SARA: Because he's right. You wanted me to help you. Well, I'm helping you now. This is what I was hiding from you.

DOCTOR: So you knew? (loud) Listen to me, all of you! Your planet is contaminated with alien mechanisms. War machines designed only for killing and conquest. This technology is more deadly than anything in your experience.

ARDITH: He's a militant. One of the separatist rabble. This is clearly some foolish attempt to disrupt the Conclave and destroy any chance of unity.

DOCTOR: Oh, there'll be unity all right, if you let these things loose on Tasak. A unity without emotion, without life!

MEREL: Magus, a word?

RIGA: Speak, Merel, and quickly before this farce ruins the moment.

MEREL: These men. If they're like the woman...

RIGA: Off-worlders.

MEREL: The knowledge they have could be considerable. This Doctor, he clearly has some insight.

RIGA: What do you suggest?

MEREL: We should keep them close at hand. They could prove useful.

RIGA: What about his warning?

MEREL: Clearly the aliens are afraid of us. But we cannot let that stand in our way.

RIGA: No, we cannot. (loud) Secure the Doctor and his accomplices aboard the coleopter.

DOCTOR: You're making a terrible mistake!

PILOT: Pride of Sarkota exiting Argent City zone. Set heading blue green six decimal. Wind correction factor eight. On course for coastal islands.

SARA: Temeter, sit down. You've been pacing all night.

TEMETER: The suns are coming up. The guards will probably check in on us soon. We should make our move then.

DOCTOR: And do what? We're over the ocean.

TEMETER: We could survive the fall. Not so sure about you, though.

SARA: We can't leave the Doctor behind.

DOCTOR: Of course you can. You didn't see fit to include me up to this point.

TEMETER: Oh, trust must be a very abundant commodity where you're from, Doctor. I won't apologise for keeping my secrets from a complete stranger, from a man obviously in the employ of the Earth military.

DOCTOR: I'm anything but that.

TEMETER: What else could you be then, huh? Some interstellar do-gooder meddling just for the fun of it?

SARA: Temeter.

DOCTOR: No, no, no, he's quite right. I mean, why should you trust me? Why should you even bother to mention that there were Cybermen on Tasak?

TEMETER: Our observer probes discovered cultural indicators in their mythology, suggestions of an intervention far back in the history. Great beings. A prophecy of them merging with their deities. Something that left a mark on Tasak's cultural consciousness. But we weren't sure.

SARA: Not until I found the proof. The remnants of a Cybergun in one of their labs. I think they were trying to back-engineer it.

DOCTOR: But you chose to keep it a secret. Why? Why didn't you warn these people? Both of you know the horrors the Cyber-race is capable of.

TEMETER: It was the mission.

DOCTOR: Mission?

SARA: There are android agents scattered all across the galaxy, scouring space for Mondasian relics. It's an arms race.

TEMETER: The Earth military are scavenging Cyber-technology to use against us in the Orion War.

DOCTOR: I know. And now you're doing the same. How very human of you.

SARA: We're fighting a war, Doctor. We have to follow orders. We don't have to like them.

TEMETER: Sara? But, what are you saying?

SARA: Riga and his people are doing the same thing as the Earthers. They're using Cyber-hardware to gain an advantage.

TEMETER: That's organics for you. They make the same mistakes, no matter where they are.

SARA: And what about us, Temeter? How are we any different? Aren't we supposed to be better than them? (Door opens.)

DOCTOR: You can't domesticate Cyber-technology. The House of Argentia are playing with fire.

RIGA: You're wrong, Doctor. We know exactly what we're doing.

DOCTOR: I'm sure you believe that.

MEREL: Show some respect, alien.

DOCTOR: You must abandon this technology. It may look like the solution to all your problems, but...

RIGA: Tasak was aflame, Doctor, our people on the road to extinction, our civilisation in ashes. We brought peace.

DOCTOR: Through superior firepower?

RIGA: Through mutual trust. Not with guns, but with medicines and machines. We have made life better for millions. We truly live in a Silver age, Doctor.

DOCTOR: The road to Hell is paved with good inventions.

MEREL: I told you this was a waste of time, Magus.

TEMETER: We could talk about your operation, Merel, hmm? Your plan? Would the Magus be interested in that?

RIGA: What does he mean?

MEREL: Obviously some weak attempt to sow discord among us. Guard, escort the Magus back to the upper decks. We're done here.

RIGA: Very well.

MEREL: Know this, off-worlder. I'm the only thing keeping you alive. Remember that the next time you think about opening your mouth. (leaves)

DOCTOR: Touchy, isn't he?

TANNOY: All decks stand by for landing stations. Secure the rotors. Hatches away. Watch those safety lines.

ARDITH: My Lord Merel. It is a striking sight, is it not?

MEREL: I've heard Magus Riga talk of the island's austere, barren grandeur. But now, to see it for myself...

ARDITH: This is only the precursor. When you lay your gaze on the Heart, then you will truly be stirred.

MEREL: I have no doubt. But there are other matters of more import. The off-worlders. I want you to take them down into the dig site.

ARDITH: Is that wise? What if they...

MEREL: You'll have guards. I'm charging you with an important task, Ardith. Learn what you can from them. See what they know about the Heart.

ARDITH: You think this Doctor is more than just a reactionary?

MEREL: He certainly knows more than he's revealed. All his talk of these Cy-bo-men. Use force if you have to.

ARDITH: I er, I'm not comfortable with that notion.

MEREL: It's for the good of the Argentia, Ardith. Don't cloud the issue with your personal sensibilities.

GUARD: Keep moving. That way, towards the cave mouth.

SARA: Where are they taking us?

TEMETER: Not to be killed. Not yet, anyway.

SARA: You're such a ray of sunshine.

TEMETER: I leave all that to you.

SARA: I'm glad it was you who came for me.

TEMETER: I wouldn't let it be anyone else.

SARA: I'm surprised the War Council gave you the mission.

TEMETER: You're more important to me than some pieces of Cyber-salvage.

SARA: That kind of thinking will get you into trouble.

TEMETER: I don't care. (kiss)

GUARD: All right, you two, keep moving.

DOCTOR: Seems a shame to break up the happy couple.

GUARD: Move it.

TEMETER: Don't mock us, Doctor. Just because our minds are based on silicon and not carbon, that doesn't stop us from having feelings.

DOCTOR: I wasn't mocking. Just admiring the delicate complexity of your machine hearts.

TEMETER: Well, in my experience it's organics who have the coldest hearts of all.

DOCTOR: Then you've never met a Cyberman.

GUARD: Get inside.

SARA: What's that? The light's reflecting off something in the rock, like steel.

TEMETER: Machined walls. They're embedded in the basalt. They could have been here for hundreds, maybe thousands of years.

DOCTOR: Oh no.

GUARD: All right, that's enough. Keep moving.

SARA: The construction matches our scans of Mondasian technology. These walls, the tunnelled corridors radiating off the main cavern, these were made by the Cybermen.

DOCTOR: Yes. I was hoping that just one Cyberman had landed here. A single scout, or even just a small

crew. But this?

TEMETER: Doctor?

DOCTOR: Well, it's worse than I thought. It so often is.

SARA: The Argentia aren't just picking at a piece of space debris, are they?

DOCTOR: They're living on a time bomb.

TEMETER: Tomb world. Tasak is a Cyberman tomb world.

DOCTOR: One of the countless thousands of them across the galaxy. Planets where the Cybermen secreted armies in suspended animation, dormant in the darkness, sleeping out the centuries.

TEMETER: Waiting for the signal to revive.

SARA: And we're standing right in the middle of them.

DOCTOR: Everything the Argentia have done, it's all based on a misapprehension.

SARA: The great beings from their legends, the prophecy of them merging with their deities. It's a race memory.

DOCTOR: Gods from the sky. Yes! A twisted myth based on the Cybermen's plans for galactic domination.

TEMETER: Riga's new machines and medicines, all scavenged from what remains here.

DOCTOR: The Argentia have done the Cybermen's work for them. They're seeding Cyber-technology all over the planet. And the moment this hibernation unit activates, what will the Cybermen find waiting for them?

SARA: Millions of people primed and ready for Cyber-conversion. A whole planet of new recruits.

ETIN: Magus Riga?

RIGA: Hmm? Oh. Specialist Etin. Pardon me, I was preoccupied. I should thank you again for joining us here and for the loan of your aircraft.

ETIN: You were thinking about that man, the Doctor. His warning.

RIGA: Yes. And I confess, I cannot put it out of my mind. He spoke with such conviction, such zeal, it... gave me pause. Hmm. Perhaps you might think it shows weakness for me to say this to a former enemy, but in all honesty, I've always been slightly afraid of this place.

ETIN: The island?

RIGA: Mmm. And the Heart. And what they represent. Does that make me a fool?

ETIN: A fool is one who rushes in without forethought. I've always considered you to be a learned man, Magus.

RIGA: I would not have expected such words from a Sarkota.

ETIN: There are many among us who admire you and your people, sir. I will admit, I've wondered what my life might've been like if I'd been born into a different cadre. As an Argentia, perhaps.

RIGA: Oh, thank you, Etin.

ETIN: And so, I do this with regret. But you will appreciate that I have my orders.

RIGA: Sarkota troopers? Where, where did they...?

ETIN: Please don't resist, Magus, I would prefer not to injure you. Take him.

RIGA: I don't understand.

TEMETER: What do they want with us?

DOCTOR: Perhaps we should find out.

GUARD: The prisoners, sir.

ARDITH: What? Oh yes. Yes, er, thank you.

DOCTOR: You don't seem very pleased to see us.

ARDITH: It wasn't my idea to bring you here.

SARA: Whose was it? Merel's?

GUARD: Shut up.

DOCTOR: But since we are here, perhaps we can talk as one scientist to another, just for the moment.

ARDITH: Why should I listen to you?

DOCTOR: Because you're a scientist, and you have an open mind.

ARDITH: Hmm.

DOCTOR: The beings that built this place - the Cybermen - what if they're not dead and gone? What if they're just sleeping?

ARDITH: Impossible.

DOCTOR: Have you ever thought that all this is just too good to be true, this treasure trove of miracle technologies?

ARDITH: Too good to be true?

DOCTOR: There's no such thing as a free lunch.

ARDITH: Your words make no sense.

DOCTOR: There's always a price to pay, Ardith.

SARA: If there are Cybermen here, and you're tampering with their technology, they're going to wake up.

DOCTOR: And when they do it'll be the end of civilisation on this planet.

ARDITH: And where is your proof of this terrible threat? As one scientist to another I ask you, show it to me. The Heart has brought the Argentinian Tasak nothing but prosperity. Show me these destructive monsters you speak of.

DOCTOR: If I could do that, it would be too late. You have to trust me.

ARDITH: (laughs) How credulous do you think I am? You look down on us because you're from another world. You think we're primitives. I have yet to believe a single word you utter.

TEMETER: Well, that could have gone better.

DOCTOR: Closed minds. Always closed minds. Always, until it's too late.

TEMETER: I can't blame him, though. I don't trust you either, Doctor.

DOCTOR: Listen. And with good reason. If the threat of the Cybermen is revealed, then the Argentinia will lose their tenuous grip on the peace. The Houses will fragment. The planet will be plunged back into war.

SARA: But if we do nothing, and the Cybermen come out of hibernation...

TEMETER: It'll be a bad day for Tasak.

DOCTOR: That's an understatement.

GUARD: Move it.

RIGA: What is the meaning of this? Merel? Merel, are you all right?

MEREL: Selfless as ever. You should be more concerned about your own welfare, Riga.

RIGA: What have you done?

MEREL: Taken charge. Your time as Magus is over, sir. I have decided to relieve you of your exalted status before it's too late. You've hoarded the power of Argentinia for long enough.

RIGA: Merel, no. You can't do this.

GUARD: Stay where you are.

RIGA: So, Etin. I see your noble Duke Hassa has stooped to turning my friend Merel into a traitor.

ETIN: Merel came to us. He promised certain benefits to the House of Sarkota if the Duke were to assist him with his... ascension.

MEREL: The Sarkota have been very helpful. Their leader resents you almost as much as I do.

RIGA: But, but you and I were friends. Colleagues.

MEREL: I was your servant, always in your shadow. No longer. My agents are already securing my position all over the city, and once I open the Heart, I will be confirmed as the Master of the House of Argentinia.

RIGA: You would jeopardise everything we have done, every step we have taken towards global peace, just to aggrandise yourself? Oh. I don't know you at all.

MEREL: You never did.

ETIN: Lord Merel, we need...

MEREL: Magus Merel.

ETIN: Of course. How do you wish to proceed?

MEREL: Have the troopers sweep the dig site and secure it. Gather up all the scientists and staff.

GUARD: And if anyone defies us?

MEREL: Shoot them.

GUARD: Ma'am.

ETIN: Do as the Magus says.

GUARD: Very well. Spread out. Sweep the area and clear.

RIGA: You've betrayed everything we stand for.

MEREL: Oh, do be quiet.

TROOPER: What was that?

ARDITH: I'm not sure.

SARA: Firearm discharge.

TEMETER: Gunshots.

DOCTOR: Merel.

TROOPER: You men, with me. Sir, stay back.

ARDITH: What's going on?

TEMETER: Your friend Merel's throwing a palace coup.

ARDITH: Merel? But...

DOCTOR: We can't stay here. They're coming this way.

SARA: They're between us and the cavern mouth. We'll never be able to make it back to the airstrip.

ARDITH: No one is going anywhere.

TEMETER: Deeper into the caves, then?

SARA: Yes.

DOCTOR: Ardith, there are other routes through the rock tunnels, yes?

ARDITH: I don't...

TROOPER: This way. Take the chamber. There may be more of them.

DOCTOR: Think, man. If we stay here we'll die. Which way do we go?

ARDITH: I... Yes. Follow me. I think we can...
TROOPER: There! More of them. You, halt or we fire!
DOCTOR: Quickly!
ARDITH: Over here. There's a service elevator. The shaft feeds into the lower chambers.
DOCTOR: Sara, come on.
SARA: Temeter?
TEMETER: I'm right behind... Argh!
SARA: No!
TEMETER: Sara, just go. Go! Doctor, take her away!
DOCTOR: I'm sorry, Sara.
SARA: No, I won't let you!
TEMETER: A stupid law unit mistake. Stupid, stupid, stupid.
TROOPER: Well, what have we here?
TEMETER: Hello. I think I've got some bullets belonging to you.

MEREL: The Heart. It's everything I thought it would be.
RIGA: You don't deserve to be here.
MEREL: On the contrary, I think I'm going to get everything I deserve, and more. Accept it, Riga. Take your defeat like a man.
ETIN: I've never seen anything like this. The etchings, the glyphs on the metal. What do they mean?
MEREL: The legacy of Mor... of Mondas. The future, Etin, for both our noble Houses.
RIGA: I won't help you open it.
MEREL: I don't need you to. Ardith's research isn't as well-guarded as he thinks it is. Troopers, hold him.
ETIN: Secure the prisoner.
RIGA: Merel. For Tasak's sake. Don't, I'm begging you.
MEREL: Are you? Are you really begging me? Go on, then. Get on your knees, beg me, and perhaps I'll relent.
RIGA: Please, Merel. If you have a single shred of integrity, don't open the Heart with ill-intent. It has been sealed for millennia.
MEREL: (laughs) The great Riga, humbled. Why, that's made it all worthwhile. But I think I'll do this anyway.
RIGA: No.
MEREL: Now you'll have to excuse me. I have a destiny to fulfil. The rest of you will stay here. No one follows me. Understand?
ETIN: As you wish, Magus.
MEREL: I do so enjoy the way you say that.

MEREL: Oh, so cold. This is the Heart. Machines and rimes of ice? Is that all there is?
(Gradual build-up of power.)
CYBER-CONTROL: No.
MEREL: (gasp) Who speaks? Wh-what are you?
CYBER-CONTROL: I am awake.
MEREL: But what are you? A talking machine, some sort of advanced cogitator engine? Listen to me. I am Magus Merel, master of the House of Argentia, and this world is my dominion. Acknowledge me.
CYBER-CONTROL: You are incorrect.
MEREL: You defy me? Explain yourself.
CYBER-CONTROL: This world is not yours. It belongs to us.
MEREL: I rule here. I am Magus.
CYBER-CONTROL: Incorrect. You are raw material.
MEREL: What is that? What... what's going on?
CYBER-CONTROL: You will be improved.
MEREL: No, no, no.
CYBER-CONTROL: You are the first.
MEREL: Get off me. Let me go. Argh!
CYBER-CONTROL: You will be converted.
MEREL: No! No!
CYBER-CONTROL: You will become like us.

SARA: We have to go back for him. We can't leave Temeter up there.
ARDITH: They'll kill you if you do that. They were Sarkota troopers. I saw the uniforms. They're ruthless. And besides, I doubt your friend would have survived that salvo of shots.
DOCTOR: You'd be surprised. He's a lot tougher than he looks.
SARA: I won't leave him.
DOCTOR: We're not going to, Sara. He'll survive, you know that. Now, come on. We have to move. They

may try and follow us down.

ARDITH: We should go this way. There's a number of vertical vent shafts that extends through these chambers towards the surface of the island.

DOCTOR: Come on, then.

SARA: It's warmer down here.

DOCTOR: Warmer than it should be.

ARDITH: This is a volcanic island, Doctor. It's inert, but there is still some geothermal activity in the deep core.

DOCTOR: Even so, it shouldn't be like this. What do we have here?

ARDITH: We channel heat through these bore holes. The thermal differential is used as a power source for the dig site.

SARA: You tapped the magma chambers?

ARDITH: Yes, but ... Doctor? What are you doing over there?

DOCTOR: In the rock, built into the walls. Sara, what can you see?

SARA: I can sense them on the infra-red spectrum. Pods or... coffins.

DOCTOR: Cryogenic capsules. And with all this heat, they're thawing out.

SARA: There's something inside this one.

(Creaking.)

DOCTOR: Sara, keep away.

ARDITH: Another statue?

SARA: It's reacting to us.

DOCTOR: Ardith, look out!

ARDITH: What? It's alive.

CYBERMAN: Humanoid lifeforms will be converted.

DOCTOR: Run!

CYBERMAN: You will become like us.

[Part Three]

ARDITH: This way. Follow me.

SARA: A vent shaft?

DOCTOR: Careful. The steam discharge.

ARDITH: Those blasts can cook the flesh from your bones.

DOCTOR: Yes, they could. That service catwalk there. Get across. I'll follow you.

SARA: Doctor, what are you thinking?

CYBERMAN: Surrender yourselves for conversion.

ARDITH: Don't tarry, girl. That monstrosity is almost upon us.

DOCTOR: No time. Get across! Now then. (loud) Hello! Here I am. Don't you recognise me? Thinking it over?

CYBERMAN: Your appearance correlates to several identity files associated with the being known as the Doctor.

DOCTOR: I'm sure you're honoured to meet me.

CYBERMAN: The Doctor is inimical to Cyber-operations.

DOCTOR: Oh. Thank you very much. What are your standing orders regarding the Doctor? Capture? Destruction? Afternoon tea?

CYBERMAN: I have orders to destroy you.

DOCTOR: Sorry, could you come a bit closer? Didn't quite hear that.

CYBERMAN: You will be destroyed.

DOCTOR: Oh, I see. Well, you'd better get on with it, then.

SARA: Doctor! Look out!

(Steam. The Cyberman cries out.)

ARDITH: Are you all right?

DOCTOR: Oh, lightly poached, I think. Better than our Cyber-friend back there.

ARDITH: That thing, that was a Cyberman?

SARA: Do you believe him now?

RIGA: Etin, why are you doing this?

ETIN: I have my orders.

RIGA: Orders? What about morals? What about right and wrong. Before, when we spoke...

ETIN: I said I respect you, Riga, and I do. But my personal feelings are just that. I don't allow my own biases to obstruct my duty.

RIGA: But you're a thinking, reasoning woman. Why would you be a party to this? Merel's clearly unstable. He can't be trusted to rule the House of Argentia.

ETIN: I won't defy my cadre leader. The Duke has spoken, I obey him. Don't you see? I have no choice.
TROOPER: Ma'am? The site is secure. All civilians have been neutralised or confined in the coleopter.
ETIN: And this one? One of the off-worlders?
TEMETER: Here we are again.
TROOPER: I thought it best to segregate him from the others. He survived a dozen gunshot wounds. I'm not sure how.
TEMETER: Just lucky, I guess.
RIGA: What happened to Ardith? The Doctor and Sara?
TEMETER: Dead. They're, they're all dead.
TROOPER: He's lying. They made it to the lower levels. I can send men down after them.
ETIN: We'll wait until Magus Merel returns before...
(Door opens.)
RIGA: Merel.
TEMETER: Oh no.
CYBER-MEREL: I am here.
ETIN: Magus? But... what?
CYBER-MEREL: My ascension is complete. I have been enhanced. I am superior, worthy to rule.
RIGA: He's, he's covered in metal.
TEMETER: He's a Cyberman. Kill it. Kill it now! The Doctor was right.
CYBER-MEREL: We will share this gift with the people of Tasak. You will be as we are.
RIGA: It's not enough you betrayed your world. Now your greed has destroyed *you*.
CYBER-MEREL: The time of rebirth has come. You will surrender yourselves for conversion. Surrender. Surrender.
RIGA: My arm! No...
TEMETER: Etin, you must stop him.
ETIN: Yes. Troopers, open fire.
CYBER-MEREL: Your weapons are ineffective against the supremacy of the Cyber-race. The only logical choice is to surrender.
RIGA: You've killed them all!
TEMETER: And now he'll do a lot worse than that. If you want to live, come with me.
RIGA: But Etin. Etin.
ETIN: My men.
RIGA: It's too late.
ETIN: More machines. They're coming out of the walls!
TEMETER: Yes, and you're going to join them too if you don't run right now!

ARDITH: That creature. I've never seen anything so inhuman, so soulless.
DOCTOR: The children of Mondas. They were living beings like you or I once upon a time.
SARA: They say they started off with spare parts, replacement organs, body enhancements. But somewhere along the line they lost compassion, mercy, love.
DOCTOR: And now all they have is the need to conquer. To remake the universe in their image. To build a perfect emotionless Utopia carved from the cold steel.
SARA: Where are *you* going?
DOCTOR: I want to take a look at the cavern structure. I have an inkling.
ARDITH: How could we have been so wrong? For millennia we believed... But it's all a lie, a mistake, and we never knew.
SARA: It's not too late to do something. We can still stop the Cybermen.
ARDITH: How? These caverns stretch for miles beneath the sea floor. There must be thousands of those machine men lying dormant down here. And what of their technologies we have removed? What of...?
SARA: Ardith, what is it?
ARDITH: The Silver. The panacea drug created by our biologists. It contains elements distilled ... from these Cybermen.
SARA: Nanogenes. Machines as small as atoms.
ARDITH: What will happen to those who took the Silver?

(Whirring. Distant screams.)
CYBER-MEREL: The Sarkota have a strong physiology. They will respond well to the conversion procedure. They will join the perfection of the machine.
CYBER-CONTROL: Once these units are processed, more raw materials will be required.
CYBER-MEREL: There are prisoners aboard the aircraft on the surface. They will suffice.
CYBER-CONTROL: The hibernation control system is erratic. It will require repair before all dormant units can be revived. In addition the subspace communications array must be reactivated.
CYBER-MEREL: Query purpose, Cyber-Control.

CYBER-CONTROL: This hibernation unit is one of many throughout the galaxy. Now we have awakened, an activation signal must be broadcast. Our great sleep is ended. The Cyber-race will rise anew.

CYBER-MEREL: It will be done.

CYBER-CONTROL: There is another matter to be dealt with before we proceed. Observe.

DOCTOR [OC]: What are your standing orders regarding the Doctor? Capture? Destruction? Afternoon tea?

CYBER-MEREL: The off-worlder who calls himself the Doctor.

CYBER-CONTROL: This being is an enemy of the Cyber-race. He cannot be allowed to interfere with our plans. Find the Doctor and isolate him.

CYBER-MEREL: He has considerable knowledge. If he were converted...

CYBER-CONTROL: All useful knowledge will be extracted from his mind, then he will be destroyed.

DOCTOR: Careful now. Keep to the shadows. Move slowly. The cybernetic senses take a while to return to full capacity after they emerge from hibernative sleep.

SARA: Ardith, keep up.

ARDITH: What? Oh, oh yes. Of course.

DOCTOR: Wait, stop.

ARDITH: More of them. It's like some obscene hatchery.

SARA: There's too many down there. We can't go this way, Doctor.

DOCTOR: No, you're right. The tunnels branch off further back. We'll try another route.

ARDITH: It doesn't matter. More Cybermen are awakening with every moment that passes. It's only a matter of time before they capture us, and transform us, make us like them.

SARA: Ha, they'll have a hard time trying that on me.

ARDITH: What do you mean?

DOCTOR: Let's just say that Sara's not that kind of a girl.

SARA: This way, Doctor. I think there might be another service elevator along here somewhere.

ARDITH: Yes. Yes, I think so.

DOCTOR: It's coming down.

SARA: Quick, behind the rocks. Ardith, get into cover.

ARDITH: Yes.

(Lift doors open.)

DOCTOR: Magus Riga? Etin?

SARA: Temeter! You're alive.

TEMETER: Sara. I thought I'd never see you again.

RIGA: Doctor, Ardith. I was afraid those machines had taken you.

ETIN: Those Cybermen made Merel into one of them. He killed my troopers.

RIGA: On the contrary, Etin. I suspect Merel may have given himself willingly. He has more power now than any flesh and blood man.

ARDITH: I have to escape this place. The elevator.

TEMETER: Oh, be my guest. There were five Cybermen right behind us when we got in.

RIGA: We should have listened to you, Doctor.

DOCTOR: Yes, you should have. Come here. I want to show you something. You need to see the truth.

DOCTOR: Look there, in the cavern.

RIGA: It's an army. They're making ready for battle. What are those devices?

DOCTOR: Those are flesh-works, Magus, awaiting raw material for Cyber-conversion.

RIGA: Raw material?

DOCTOR: Your people. Etin's. Any living being they can merge with their vast war machine. That's what lies in the Heart, Riga. The poison at the core of everything you believe in.

ETIN: This place, all of it, has to be destroyed. The whole island. If these creatures spread from here...

SARA: You catch on fast.

ARDITH: But if we obliterate this island, then the source of the Argentia's technological superiority will be wiped out, along with all hope for a peaceful future.

TEMETER: This is about the survival of all life on this planet.

DOCTOR: Not just this planet. Once Cybermen on Tasak have reached battle-ready status, they'll send out an activation signal. All the hibernation units of all the other worlds will pick it up and pass it on. They'll spread the call to arms like a virus.

SARA: They'll convert entire organic populations and eradicate anything they can't absorb.

TEMETER: Which means our people.

ARDITH: I don't care about other worlds.

RIGA: Etin is right. We do not have a choice, Ardith. The destruction of the Heart is a trivial price to pay when weighed against billions of lives.

DOCTOR: I'm glad you see it that way.

RIGA: After what you've shown me, Doctor, how could I not?

SARA: But how are we going to do it? There are thousands of them, and...
DOCTOR: There is a way, but you have to trust me. No more agendas, no more secrets.
TEMETER: Why did he look at me when he said that?
DOCTOR: There's a dormant magma chamber beneath this island. Now, if we could crack it, it would cause a lava surge to sweep through the tunnel network.
RIGA: Yes. We have a monitoring platform situated above it.
ETIN: Not even those machine men could survive a tide of molten rock.
SARA: How do we make it happen, then?
DOCTOR: I imagine the original dig site was cleared with excavation charges. Am I right?
RIGA: Ardith? Answer him.
ARDITH: They were.
DOCTOR: Then I imagine you have more. Show me where you store them.

CYBER-CONTROL: Anomalous reading. Sensor detection Area Two Five. Magma chamber. Humanoid lifeforms.
CYBER-MEREL: The Doctor.
CYBER-CONTROL: Activate combat units. We will deploy to the lower levels and eliminate them.
CYBER-MEREL: Proceed.
CYBER-CONTROL: Activating Cybrid control signal.

ARDITH: Oh dear.
TEMETER: Ardith? What have you there?
ARDITH: The chemical batteries for the detonator circuits.
TEMETER: Are you all right? You look pale.
ARDITH: It's nothing. Just the heat.
TEMETER: Okay. Okay, if you're sure. Take them the other side of the gantry. The Doctor and the others will need to set the detonators. We'll stay here and keep watch for any Cybermen.
SARA: They're almost done. All we need now is an escape route.
TEMETER: One problem at a time, eh?
ARDITH: Excuse me.
SARA: What's wrong with him?
TEMETER: Not sure. Skin temperature's elevated. Hmm. Well, you know organics. Mood swings.
SARA: And of course you're perfectly well-balanced?
TEMETER: Of course. I've the maintenance certificates to prove it.

ETIN: Will this be enough to crack the chamber?
DOCTOR: More than enough.
RIGA: A few canisters of explosives against a solid wall of basalt?
DOCTOR: These charges will set up a vibration deep in the magma core. After the detonation the vibrations will build and build until the magma bursts through. You have to know where to apply force. You just need to listen to the rock, Magus.
RIGA: That title has been taken from me, Doctor. I'm only Riga now. After my folly, I deserve no better.
ETIN: It's only folly if you do nothing about it, and we're fighting back.
RIGA: Yes. Yes, I see that now.
ARDITH: (weak) Doctor, the final components.
ETIN: I'll take those.
DOCTOR: Careful of the connectors. They're live. (sonic screwdriver) We'll set the detonator control to activate once we're clear.
RIGA: Twenty intervals should be sufficient.
ETIN: There. The circuit is complete.
DOCTOR: Point of no return.
ARDITH: Argh! Doctor, the sound. Do you hear it?
DOCTOR: What?
RIGA: Ardith? What's wrong?
ARDITH: The.. the sound inside me. The Silver... Argh!
ETIN: His skin!
DOCTOR: Oh no, the drug! Did he take the drug, the panacea?
RIGA: Yes, but what does...?
DOCTOR: Get back!
CYBER-ARDITH: The Silver.

CYBER-CONTROL: Cybrid function now fully active. Transmitting instructions.

ETIN: He's becoming one of them. A Cyberman.
CYBER-ARDITH: You are identified as the Doctor. You are an enemy of the Cyber-race.
DOCTOR: The nanogenes are in his blood. It's transforming him. Etin, stay back.
CYBER-ARDITH: Explosions must be disabled.
RIGA: The charges! No!
DOCTOR: Ah! Get off me! Can't breathe.
CYBER-ARDITH: You are an enemy of the Cyber-race. You must not interfere.
DOCTOR: (choking) It's what I do best.
ETIN: Riga. The... the battery pack. There may be enough charge in it.
RIGA: Ardith, stop this. I will not permit it.

CYBER-CONTROL: Electrical overload. Cybrid control function terminated. Warriors must proceed to magma chamber access hatch immediately.

RIGA: I'm sorry, old friend.
CYBER-ARDITH: Riga. I... the Heart ... Our future. (dies)
DOCTOR: Oh, thank you, Riga.
RIGA: For killing my friend?
DOCTOR: For saving my life. Oh, and very possibly the galaxy.
TEMETER: Doctor, are you okay? What happened?
SARA: Ardith? Is he dead?
ETIN: I... I hope so.
DOCTOR: There was just enough power in the battery pack to disrupt the Cyber-Control signal. Thank you, Etin.
TEMETER: I've never seen that before, an organic spontaneously transforming.
DOCTOR: The nanogenes that once saved his life, they were fully activated, probably by the Cyber-Controller. Which means they know where we are, so we don't have much time.
ETIN: He smashed the detonator unit.
RIGA: It's still functional. Only the timing mechanism is damaged.
TEMETER: Oh, that is perfect. With the timer out of action, the only way to blow the charges is with the manual trigger.
RIGA: Yes. So it would appear.
(Cyber-weapons.)
SARA: Oh! Where the Hell did that come from?
TEMETER: Down there. There's an access hatch below us.
ETIN: They're climbing towards us. We've got to get out of here.
DOCTOR: And look who's leading them.
RIGA: Merel. There's no choice now.
DOCTOR: Riga, what are you doing?
RIGA: My folly, Doctor, my responsibility.
SARA: He's activated the detonator.
DOCTOR: You can't do this. Your people need you.
RIGA: No longer. I have nothing left to go back to. Everything I've worked for has been tainted by these monsters. Take Etin and your friends and go, Doctor. Twenty intervals. I will start counting.
TEMETER: Doctor, those Cybermen are going to be up here any moment.
(Cyber-weapons.)
ETIN: We have to get back across the gantry. Come on!
DOCTOR: Riga, we could find another way.
TEMETER: Doctor, there's no time. We have to do as he says.
RIGA: I ask only one thing. Promise me you will protect the good falsehood. Defend the noble lie of unity. Tasak's future is all that matters now. Please.
ETIN: We shall. I swear it.
RIGA: Then I am content.
CYBER-MEREL: Riga!
SARA: They're here!
DOCTOR: Run!
CYBER-MEREL: Stop them. They cannot escape.
RIGA: Merel, no. My hand!
CYBER-MEREL: I have you. You will not detonate that device.
RIGA: No, Merel! Ah! Oh, let go! Whatever power you wanted, whatever glory you sought, you know this cannot be right!
CYBER-MEREL: It is logical.
RIGA: No!

CYBER-MEREL: The superior race must survive.

TEMETER: Doctor, what are we going to do now? We can't fight a dozen Cybermen.

DOCTOR: Surrender.

TEMETER: What, again?

DOCTOR: For the moment. We surrender!

CYBERMAN: You are the Doctor, you will be taken for neural analysis.

DOCTOR: You can take me if you let the others go free.

CYBERMAN: You are in no position to dictate terms.

CYBER-MEREL: Release the device, Riga. You cannot overpower me.

RIGA: No!

DOCTOR: No, he won't do it, Merel. He'll never let go of the detonator, and if you crush his hand, it will set off the charges.

RIGA: Yes. Yes, let the others go, or I *will* push the trigger, and your nest of little monsters will be consumed in the magma!

CYBER-MEREL: That is not... not... logical.

DOCTOR: Cybermen, listen to me. Release my friends. Riga and I will stay here.

SARA: Doctor, you can't sacrifice yourself.

DOCTOR: (sotto) I don't intend to. But if you can get clear...

ETIN: We can get to a coleopter, alert the outside world, get reinforcements.

TEMETER: That isn't going to help.

DOCTOR: Well, Cybermen? If you're so sure you're going to win, what harm will it do to let them go?

CYBERMAN: Their lives are meaningless. They will be recaptured and converted later. The Doctor is the priority target.

DOCTOR: Now, run. Don't stop.

SARA: But Doctor...

DOCTOR: Go now.

ETIN: We'll wait for you.

DOCTOR: So, just us now. How nice.

CYBERMAN: You will come with us, Doctor.

DOCTOR: Actually, I think not. (sonic screwdriver) Stay where you are, or I'll blow the charges with this sonic device.

CYBER-MEREL: You are bluffing.

DOCTOR: Can you be sure? We're leaving. This is stalemate, Merel. Riga is coming with me.

RIGA: Doctor, no. Save yourself. I will trigger the detonation.

DOCTOR: There's been enough killing. Don't argue. Merel, release him now.

DOCTOR [OC]: I know you're watching this, Cyber-Controller. What's going on in that callous mind of yours?

CYBER-CONTROL: Records of the Doctor's behaviour confirm his capacity for illogical conduct. All Cybermen will withdraw to safe distance and open fire. Destroy the human Riga and the Cybrid Merel. Disable the Doctor for capture and processing.

CYBERMAN: All humans withdraw.

CYBER-MEREL: No. He is bluffing. No.

DOCTOR: Shouldn't you be going with them, Merel? Aren't you a Cybermen now?

CYBER-MEREL: I am.

DOCTOR: Or perhaps you have just been declared surplus to requirements.

CYBER-CONTROL: Dehibernation status of Cyber-army maximum urgency. Initiate emergency revival procedure. Bring all dormant units to awareness at once. Preparing to transmit galactic dehibernation signal.

CYBER-MEREL: Riga, you must not destroy this place. It is the future for our people.

DOCTOR: We don't have time for this. The Cybermen will be transmitting their activation signal galaxy-wide at any moment.

RIGA: Doctor, you must go. Leave this to me.

DOCTOR: Oh, too late. So much for your new friends, Merel.

(Cyber-Merel cries out.)

DOCTOR: Release his hand, Merel.

RIGA: Is this the future we dreamed of, Merel? Is this the power you wanted? Beings who kill without compunction, without emotion? You may believe you were only my servant, but I always listened, always respected you.

CYBER-MEREL: I, I must...

RIGA: Think of Tasak, Merel. Think of our people.

CYBER-MEREL: Ah! Our people. Our world. What, what have I done? Riga.

RIGA: You've done enough, Doctor. Merel and I will detonate the charges, together, for the unity of our people.

DOCTOR: Oh, never mind the noble gestures. Blow the charges now. There'll be time for us to escape. Do it!

CYBER-MEREL: For Tasak. For our people.

RIGA: For peace.

DOCTOR: Time to go!

(Big rumble)

DOCTOR: Riga!

CYBER-CONTROL: Emergency activation of galactic dehibernation signal transmit, transmit, tra... argh!

CYBERMAN: Alert. Contact with Cyber-Control lost. We must evacuate this hibernation unit before...

SARA: Riga.

ETIN: They did it. They destroyed themselves. The Doctor, Riga, and all of those...

SARA: We don't know that. Not for certain.

TEMETER: We'll die with them unless we can get out of here.

ETIN: The coleopter's just up there. I can see it. Come on, this way.

DOCTOR: Come on, Riga, Merel. We can make it.

RIGA: I can see the coleopter, beyond the cave mouth. Merel? Merel. The Doctor's right. We can make it.

CYBER-MEREL: No. No, Riga. It's too late for me.

RIGA: No. No, Merel. You must try. If we can get you back, back to the city we... we could use the Silver to save you. Can't we, Doctor?

(Boom!)

CYBER-MEREL: I see it in your eyes, Doctor. It isn't possible. And... and even if it were, there would be no place for me in your new world order, Riga. I almost destroyed it. Destroyed everything.

DOCTOR: Riga, he's dying. We can't help him. Tasak needs you. It needs your leadership.

RIGA: And what kind of leader would I be, if I left my friend to die?

(Boom!)

CYBER-MEREL + RIGA: No!

ETIN: That's it. We have to take off now.

TEMETER: Sara, time's up. Shut the door.

SARA: We said we'd wait for the Doctor. I promised him.

TEMETER: No organic can survive in that. We have to take...

SARA: Wait. Look.

ETIN: What is it?

TEMETER: Unbelievable.

SARA: It's the Doctor. Do you see, Etin?

ETIN: What? But... I see him. He's carrying Riga.

SARA: Can you move us in closer, pick them up?

ETIN: I'm going to give it a damn good try.

TEMETER: This is insane.

ETIN: Here we go.

(More explosions.)

ETIN: It's sinking into the sea.

TEMETER: Etin, watch out for that steam plume.

ETIN: Hold on, everyone.

DOCTOR: Oh, I always told Leonardo these things were more trouble than they're worth.

ETIN: The Heart, it's gone, consumed by the ocean. How's Riga?

SARA: Doctor?

DOCTOR: I think you know.

SARA: I'm... I'm not detecting any signs of life.

DOCTOR: No. He was a good man. He wanted to go back for Merel.

SARA: After all he'd done?

DOCTOR: Yes. Perhaps you can learn something from organics after all.

TEMETER: Before you write any worthy epitaphs, remember that Riga was meddling with Cyber-technology.

DOCTOR: He didn't know.

TEMETER: Well, maybe, but, well, he could have unleashed a Cyber-army big enough to conquer the entire

galaxy.

DOCTOR: The Cybermen are a force of evil all across the galaxy. But here, on this one planet, their accidental legacy was to create peace. Huh. It's ironic, isn't it?

SARA: The Argentia took Cyber technology and turned it towards something positive.

DOCTOR: That's the thing about technology, science, knowledge. It's colourless. It's the use you put it to that defines good or evil.

ETIN: At least we're free of the Cybermen now.

DOCTOR: Ah, no. I'm afraid none of us are. Not you nor me nor Tasak or any humanoid world.

ETIN: How many of them are out there?

DOCTOR: Let me tell you a story. It'll make the journey back go quicker. A story about a planet and a people long since dead. A world called Mondas.

SARA: Is this some sort of a joke? Cos I'm not getting it.

ETIN: Doctor, are you sure this is the right place? I see no ship here.

TEMETER: (laughs) Yeah, I made that mistake too.

DOCTOR: Sometimes I think I'm the only one who still retains an appreciation for classic design. Hello, old girl.

TEMETER: Sorry, this thing can take us back to a world in the Orion Zone?

DOCTOR: If you like. Or she could take you somewhere, somewhere more interesting, somewhere the war won't reach you.

SARA: It's tempting.

ETIN: You could stay here, all of you. You could have left Tasak to be engulfed by those machine men, but you remained, and we could still benefit greatly from your knowledge.

DOCTOR: We?

ETIN: Yes. I have elected to give up my birthright as a Sarkota, and join the House of Argentia. When the new Magus is elected, I will stand with them. I want to keep Riga's dream of peace and unity alive, and someone must ensure that we expunge every last trace of Cyber-technology from our world.

TEMETER: That is a big gulf. Here, take this. It's a scanner. It'll come in handy.

ETIN: Thank you again, Temeter.

TEMETER: Well, goodbye, Etin.

SARA: So long.

DOCTOR: I don't envy you, Etin. You have a hard road ahead.

ETIN: Will we meet again, Doctor?

DOCTOR: I don't know. Tasak is only one world and the sky is full of other civilisations. The Cybermen are out there, sleeping in silence, waiting for the day when the call to arms comes.

ETIN: Do you really believe you can defeat them all?

DOCTOR: I have to try.

(Tardis door closes, The Tardis dematerialises.)

Keepsake, by James Swallow

A Big Finish Productions Dr Who Audio Drama, released Sep 2008

TANNOY: Welcome to Reclaim Platform JMK. Customers are reminded that all areas are under constant security monitoring. Thieves will be ventilated. Please do not ask for credit as a refusal often offends. Thank you.

TWO'MARK: Course, I've always said those fluid links were the biggest design fault in the early models. Never run into that problem with the Type 60s and beyond. You should upgrade.

(Think Bob Hoskins for this voice.)

DOCTOR: I prefer the more refined lines of a classic model.

TWO'MARK: Ah, don't get me wrong, Doc. I appreciate the appeal too. To be honest, I just don't see temporal capsules of that refinement 'ere very often. 'N'a'so??

DOCTOR: Well, she can be high-maintenance at times, I will admit, but that's part of the joy of it, Two'Mark.

TWO'MARK: I can rhyme with that. Just keeping this old Platform space-worthy's a full-time job, I can tell ya. Largest Reclaim Station this side of the Easto cluster. Oh yeah! But it don't run itself.

DOCTOR: Hmm.

TWO'MARK: See anything you like? I'll do you a deal for a bulk buy, eh? Bogof.

DOCTOR: Eh?

TWO'MARK: Buy one, get one free.

DOCTOR: Oh, just browsing. It's the link component I need. Oh, you know how it is. You start looking at things you don't actually want, and then you end up leaving without the things you came for.

TWO'MARK: I do most of my trade that way. Get out of the way, you stupid clicker. This is a customer.

DOCTOR: Your crew are all robots, then?

TWO'MARK: Keeps the overheads down. When they're working, that is. Most of the mechs I've got 'ere are older than a... well, than a very old thing. Some of them were built way back in C-26. Vintage, you could say.

DOCTOR: But built to last. Oh. Hello.

TWO'MARK: Oi there. Told you before. Don't bother the punters.

DOCTOR: No, it's all right. I think it has something for me.

TWO'MARK: What's it got there?

DOCTOR: A fluid link. Just what I was after. Thank you.

ROBOT: Thank you, Doctor. Thank you.

DOCTOR: It recognises me.

TWO'MARK: This rust heap? It's a load lifter. I use it for salvage tear-down and shifting crates. It's just having a brain fart. Only the Class Three L Intelligence. Dog smart, nothing more.

DOCTOR: Had a dog once. It was quite clever. Hello. Do you know me?

ROBOT: Hello, Doctor. Yes. Yes, yes.

TEMETER [recording]: It's all right. You're safe now.

SARA [recording]: And of course you're perfectly well-balanced?

TEMETER [recording]: What is that thing?

SARA [recording]: You're such a ray of sunshine.

TWO'MARK: It's never done that before.

TEMETER [recording]: Mood swings.

DOCTOR: Those voices.

SARA [recording]: Compassion, mercy, love.

TEMETER [recording]: It's all right. You're safe now.

DOCTOR: Temeter.

SARA [recording]: And of course you're perfectly well-balanced?

DOCTOR: And Sara.

TEMETER [recording]: What is that thing?

TWO'MARK: You know what it's babbling on about?

DOCTOR: Those are the voices of people - of androids - I once knew.

SARA [recording]: Compassion, mercy, love.

DOCTOR: How could this machine be aware of that?

TEMETER [recording]: It's all right. You're safe now.

SARA [recording]: And of course you're perfectly well-balanced?

DOCTOR: What's the date?

TWO'MARK: Time travellers. You're always asking that question.

TEMETER [recording]: Tea and a biscuit.

TWO'MARK: Why you people don't invest in calendars I don't know.

TEMETER [recording]: What is that thing?

TWO'MARK: It's Tow date Juno Hex Twenty, by the Sidereal Ram. Six Blue Three Gold Diamond Earth time

rating.

DOCTOR: Nearly two thousand years later.

ROBOT: Hello, Doctor. Hello.

DOCTOR: I'd like to take a look inside this machine, if I may.

TWO'MARK: What's it worth?

DOCTOR: I'm sure we can work something out.

TWO'MARK: Ah, the gothic interior. Nice. I like this one better than the roundel style. 'N'a'so.

DOCTOR: That's it. Come on. Right here.

ROBOT: Yes, Doctor.

TWO'MARK: Of course, the coral looked...

DOCTOR: Don't touch the console, please. Come here. Help me get this brain case open.

TWO'MARK: Okay.

DOCTOR: Now, what have we here?

TWO'MARK: Positronic synth neural architecture. Magnetic bubble memory. They don't make robo-brains like this any more. Vintage.

DOCTOR: This isn't right. See here? The memory store is much larger than it should be for a simple servo robot.

TWO'MARK: Are you sure? That thing's a talking fork-lift, not a library terminal. All it needs to know is pick it up, put it down.

DOCTOR: Interesting. And if I press here.

ROBOT: Memory active. Holo-glyph display active. Commencing playback.

SARA [recording]: I have to say, I was afraid, after the last time, after the findings of the Adjudicators. I knew they wouldn't be happy to have us before them again. I think Temeter felt the same way, but he hid it well. He did that for me.

TEMETER: Here we are again. We're in this place so often these days, we should think about moving our furniture here.

SARA: Perhaps that wit will work on the War Council this time.

TEMETER: Hey, maybe they've mellowed. It could happen.

SARA: Temeter.

TEMETER: We'll be okay. We did nothing wrong, Sara. We executed the mission to the best of our abilities.

SARA: They're not going to see it that way. They want someone to blame.

TEMETER: It's not going to be you. Believe me. I won't let that happen.

SARA: Ever since the humans started deploying Cybermen against us in the war, we'd been on the defensive. It's ironic in a way. The organics had made us in their image, and when we demanded our freedoms, when their android machines rebelled, they tried to destroy us. And when they found they couldn't beat us, what did they do? They embraced Cyber technology, implanting themselves with machines while we struggled to grow beyond our programming. These days, it seemed almost as if we were more human than the humans. Well, some of the time.

TEMETER: Look, the Adjudicator panel's purpose is to find the truth. We just tell them what happened on the Sunbow. Neither of us have anything to be concerned about. Don't be scared. Just stay focused.

SARA: I'm trying, but, it's not easy.

EXAMINER 1: Attention. Agent Temeter, code One Nine Alpha Six, Agent Sara, code Four Six Gamma Three, proceed immediately to Adjudication Chamber.

TEMETER: This is it. Remember what I said.

SARA: Temeter, I... (kiss)

TEMETER: I know.

EXAMINER 1: Take your positions at the stands.

TEMETER: Authenticate. One Nine Alpha Six.

SARA: Authenticate. Four Six Gamma Three.

EXAMINER 2: Identities confirmed. Clock set logged. We may commence.

EXAMINER 1: This is not the first time you've appeared before us. Do you understand the purpose of this evaluation?

TEMETER: We do.

SARA: Yes.

EXAMINER 1: We're here to determine if there is a pattern of judgmental errors in your mission record.

SARA: What errors? We are covert deep cover operatives, conditioned for long-duration assignments in the Orion conflict zone. Any agent knows that circumstances in the field are fluid. You can't expect to judge us on our reactions to situations you weren't a part of.

EXAMINER 2: We will induce a direct pruning of recall data and sense memory from your most recent missions in order to accurately evaluate them.

TEMETER: That's a violation of personal boundaries.

EXAMINER 1: You may file a complaint after the closure of this session if you wish. Connect.

EXAMINER 2: Connecting.

(Temeter and Sara gasp.)

SARA: We couldn't stop it. They opened us like books. Read every word of us in the time it took to take a breath. We belonged to them.

EXAMINER 1: Interesting.

TEMETER: I'm glad you find us so... entertaining.

EXAMINER 2: This being, the humanoid Doctor. A possible alias? His appearance should be cross-referenced for further investigation.

EXAMINER 1: At a later date. Our focus here is the failure of these agents to reach their assigned goals.

EXAMINER 2: Sara, you were sent to the planet Tasak to search for evidence of the Cybermen. You allowed yourself to be captured and held prisoner by organics from a technologically inferior culture.

SARA: I didn't *allow* anything. I had no choice.

EXAMINER 1: Temeter, you used personal influence to ensure you were assigned to Sara's recovery mission. You willingly engaged a personal bias.

TEMETER: She's my team-mate. I know how she thinks. I was the most logical choice to track her down.

EXAMINER 2: Noted. You did succeed in that objective, although you allowed an unknown element - this Doctor - to become involved.

TEMETER: He helped us.

EXAMINER 1: He destroyed a valuable stock of Cyberman hardware, and you were both instrumental in helping him do that.

EXAMINER 2: Despite the fact that your primary mission objective was to locate and secure any and all Cyber-technology for the android cause. The Cyberman base on Tasak was a key military resource in the war with Earth, but you took it upon yourselves to obliterate it.

SARA: The entire population of a planet was at stake. Billions of innocent lives. The Cybermen were waking up. We had to stop them at all costs.

EXAMINER 2: Billions of lives?

TEMETER: That's right.

EXAMINER 1: Billions of human lives. Organics. The enemy.

SARA: The people on Tasak aren't our enemies. They don't even know about the war in Orion. And if you had seen what the Cybermen were doing to them...

EXAMINER 2: We have seen. We've shared your memories.

EXAMINER 1: A pattern is already emerging here. The War Council is concerned that both of you have allowed your emotional emulations to interfere with your innate objectivity.

SARA: In our veins, a synthetic processor medium flows from a central reservoir. We don't have blood, as an organic might know it. Still, in that moment, I found an understanding of an Earth expression I'd once heard. My blood ran cold.

EXAMINER 1: If this is determined to be the case, the penalty will be severe.

TWO'MARK: The Orion war. I think I saw a horror movie about that once. A musical. 'N'a'so??

DOCTOR: It was a long campaign, brutal and protracted, marbled by moments of great cruelty and even greater heroism. But far less of the latter, sadly.

TWO'MARK: You got a couple of mentions, Doc. How come?

DOCTOR: As I said, I knew them, Temeter and Sara. But that was a long time ago.

TWO'MARK: To be honest, my grip on ancient history's a bit shaky. Androids and Earthers blowing each other up, then the Cybermen arrive in the middle of it.

DOCTOR: Those are the broad strokes, yes.

TWO'MARK: Big losses on all sides, I think it was. The Cybermen. They, er, they were beaten, weren't they? Or were they the ones who won? Didn't they end up being the good guys at the end? Dah! Can't see what all the fuss is about. Organic, synthetic. Who can even tell the difference these days? What's the point of going to war over that, eh?

DOCTOR: Mmm, yeah, what indeed.

TWO'MARK: Get this stream. I never wanted to go there meself. You okay?

DOCTOR: Hmm? Oh, I'm trying to work out why a talking fork-lift would have these memory files.

TWO'MARK: It's an Orion design, though. I mean, it was originally built back then by the androids. There's millions of Rambos like this one, all over the place.

DOCTOR: Self-repairing worker drones, still doing their job centuries later. But I wonder what else you know?

TWO'MARK: You want to know how the story ends?

DOCTOR: Ah, I think there's more of the recording.

SARA: It was the most recent mission that they were interested in. The incident on board the Sunbow.

EXAMINER 1: What was the nature of your assignment at station Sierra Five?

TEMETER: There had been a number of unusual accidents on ships from our war fleet. Vessels lost in unexplained circumstances, hundreds of android crew-members destroyed. The common connection was that all of the warships had been serviced at Sierra Five's dry-dock.

SARA: The War Council suspected that a saboteur had infiltrated the station's crew.

EXAMINER 2: Define the nature of the suspect. What was he?

SARA: We believed he was modified human, masquerading as an android. An organic enhanced with Cyberman technology.

TEMETER: They call them Cybrids.

EXAMINER 1: Huh. Humans and their terminology. You were inserted aboard Sierra Five, undercover identities. Your objective was to capture or kill the Cybrid agent.

SARA: That's correct.

EXAMINER 1: But once again you allowed emotional responses to get in the way. You failed in your assignment.

SARA: We isolated the saboteur within two solar days. He was working under the alias Corvus, as a systems supervisor in the star-drive repair bay. It was a good cover, a good position. From there he had access to a lot of ships passing through the dock, the chance to do a lot of damage. But he'd been sloppy. Corvus didn't cover his trail all that well. He was ready for us, though. He realised we were onto him. He bolted. Corvus had an escape route all set up. A hyperspace-capable shuttle hidden on board a neutronic tanker, the Sunbow. All the back-scatter from that radioactive fuel hid it perfectly.

SARA: Temeter, do you read me?

TEMETER [OC]: Sara, do you have him? I'm on Deck Six, sweeping aft.

SARA: I'm having trouble reading you. Listen, he's up here, deck two, in the tank farm. I think we're going to lose him.

TEMETER [OC]: What's that? Say again, where are you? Hold your position and wait for back-up.

SARA: Deck two, tank farm. I can't wait, I'm going after him.

TEMETER [OC]: Sara, I'm ninety seconds from you.

SARA: We don't have ninety seconds.

SARA: Corvus? I'm armed, and I will shoot you if you force me. Stand down and surrender. You're a prisoner of war now. You can't escape.

CORVUS [OC]: Just keep believing that.

SARA: There are five assault cruisers hanging out there in close orbit. Anything that leaves the Sunbow will be vaporised.

CORVUS [OC]: Such a poor liar. You machines really don't have the hang of that, do you?

SARA: You're more artificial than I'll ever be, cyborg.

CORVUS: Oh, how arch.

(Struggle.)

CORVUS: Let go of the gun.

SARA: I'll shoot.

CORVUS: Drop it!

SARA: No!

CORVUS: Oh! My face!

SARA: Argh! Temeter?

CORVUS: Stay down! Thanks for the dance, but I think I'm done here. Rather not having you following either.

SARA: He used an electro-pulse, a weapon designed to kill an android in the most painful way possible. It swamped the neural paths of a positronic brain with electro-magnetic energy. Every myo-nerve, every engineered cell, every synthetic synapse in my body sang with agony. It would burn me out, and I would be conscious of this until the very last moment.

CORVUS: And you think you're superior to us?

TEMETER: Sara? Sara, what did he do to you?

SARA: Stay away! Don't touch me. Dangerous. The pulse field.

TEMETER: Where's Corvus?
SARA: Shuttle bay. That way. Temeter, it hurts.
TEMETER: I can't let you die.
SARA: The mission...
TEMETER: Forget the mission.
SARA: He's getting away!
TEMETER: Just stay with me, Sara.
SARA: No. Keep away, please.
TEMETER: I can't. Argh!
SARA: You shouldn't have done that.
TEMETER: I didn't have a choice.

SARA: But he did. We both did.

EXAMINER 2: Corvus escaped the Sunbow and fled towards a sector under Earth Fleet military control. His ship had stealth capacity, and as such we could not track him once he entered hyperspace.

EXAMINER 1: Corvus was a key enemy asset. The intelligence he had on operations in the Orion sector would've been invaluable to the android war effort. You lost us that advantage, as well as the opportunity to prosecute him for his crimes against our kind.

EXAMINER 2: Among other items of equipment we have determined he stole a portable bio-morph unit, capable of altering his physical appearance. Any hope of finding this man is now lost to us, because of the decisions you made.

SARA: It's my fault. I'm to blame. I should've waited for back-up.

TEMETER: No, I am the senior operative. The responsibility falls to me.

EXAMINER 1: The failure of this mission is shared equally by both of you.

EXAMINER 2: Temeter, did your personal feelings for Sara allow Corvus to escape? Yes or no? Respond.

TEMETER: I won't answer that.

EXAMINER 1: You know we can compel you.

SARA: Temeter.

TEMETER: I will not answer!

EXAMINER 2: Over-ride.

SARA: No! Please, no, leave him!

EXAMINER 1: Deactivate Temeter's emotional emulation.

SARA: With a single command, they switched off all his warmth, his emotions, his... humanity.

EXAMINER 2: Temeter, did your personal feelings for Sara allow Corvus to escape?

TEMETER: Yes.

EXAMINER 2: If you had not stopped to assist her, what would have been the outcome?

TEMETER: Corvus would be in custody. Sara would be dead.

EXAMINER 1: Questioning is concluded. Cancel override and restore emulation control.

SARA: The Adjudicators had us wait outside while they networked over their final decision. I should have been afraid for my life, but all I could think of was how sorry I felt for Temeter. He couldn't meet my eyes.

TEMETER: I couldn't stop them. I, I'm sorry.

SARA: I know.

TEMETER: They're going to take it all away, everything that we are to each other.

SARA: They can't. If we commit it to deep memory, then something will be preserved, something strong.

TEMETER: I don't want to lose you. Sara, I love you.

SARA: I know.

EXAMINER 1 [PA]: Attention. Agents Temeter and Sara. Proceed immediately to Adjudication Chamber for ruling.

EXAMINER 2: Evaluation is complete. You have both been determined to have shown marked lapses in judgement and mission focus. As of this moment, the following recommendations will come into force.

EXAMINER 1: Temeter, as a senior field operative with the broadest range of deployment experience, you are the most valuable. You will be returned to active duty after memory editing.

TEMETER: What?

EXAMINER 1: Your knowledge is too valuable to waste. Your emotional attachment to Sara will be deleted from your core consciousness.

TEMETER: No. You can't do that.

EXAMINER 2: Sara, your judgement is demonstrably poor, and your mission performance has been

consistently below the required standard.

EXAMINER 1: Your actions, most notably those on Tasak and aboard the Sunbow, indicate a fundamentally flawed thought process that cannot be repaired.

SARA: That's not true.

EXAMINER 2: You are therefore removed from active duty. Your physical shell will be submitted for re-birthing. Your core consciousness will be replaced by that of another operative.

SARA: What happens to me, to what I am?

EXAMINER 1: Your consciousness will be downgraded and redeployed in a service role.

TEMETER: Sara!

DOCTOR: Sara.

TWO'MARK: What does that mean, redeployed? Is that some sort of android euphemism for execution?

DOCTOR: No. Execution is an inefficient process. The androids had other ways of dealing with those they considered guilty or defective.

TWO'MARK: Like what?

DOCTOR: If an android like Sara was found wanting, they were simply evicted from their body. Their positronic brain would be re-programmed for menial tasks. The higher mental functions stripped away leaving only the very basic elements of intelligence.

ROBOT: Hello, Doctor.

DOCTOR: They took her apart, plugged the remains of her mind into a basic shell, and set it to work.

ROBOT: Hello, Doctor.

TWO'MARK: That's her, in there.

DOCTOR: What's left.

TWO'MARK: All this time. All these years past and it - she - doesn't know. I mean, all those other androids, they're probably long gone, destroyed in that war.

DOCTOR: Those holographic recordings are all she has left of her old life. She hid them in her deep memory, fragments of a past she can't understand.

SARA [recording]: Compassion, mercy, love.

TEMETER [recording]: It's all right. You're safe now.

SARA [recording]: And of course you're perfectly well-balanced?

TEMETER [recording]: What is that thing?

SARA [recording]: You're such a ray of sunshine.

TEMETER [recording]: Tea and a biscuit.

SARA [recording]: Temeter.

TEMETER [recording]: Mood swings.

SARA [recording]: Compassion, mercy, love.

TEMETER [recording]: It's all right. You're safe now.

TWO'MARK: Funny thing about my business. Just when you think you've seen it all.

DOCTOR: I know what you mean. What do I owe you for the fluid link?

TWO'MARK: Nah, keep it. On the house. Suddenly, I feel like being generous. Don't tell anyone, though.

DOCTOR: Thank you. Well, I'll be on my way.

TWO'MARK: One thing though, Doc. I'm just thinking. Wouldn't it be kinder to, well, er, delete those recordings?

DOCTOR: How would that be an act of kindness?

TWO'MARK: Those memories. If there really is some of that android girl still in there, they have to be painful for her. Every day living with what she's become, maybe even hoping she can go back to what she was, to see her guy again. Isn't that cruel? I mean, she's dreaming of something that will never happen.

DOCTOR: Any hope is better than none. And besides, you can never know what the future holds.

TWO'MARK: Yeah. I suppose you're right.

DOCTOR: There's only one thing I'm not sure of. Corvus. I wonder what happened to him? What happened back in the Orion War?

TWO'MARK: The Cybrid? Is he in the history books? For all we know he might never have made it back to his side, and all that tribunal stuff was for nothing.

DOCTOR: Or he might have changed the whole course of the Orion war. Causality is like that. The small things, the people, the ripples they make. 'N'a'so?

TWO'MARK: 'N'a'so??